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THE BOOK OF JOB;

TRANSLATED FROM THE HEBREW

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PREFACE.

Considering the numerous commentaries upon the Book of Job-many of them accompanied by a new translation—which have appeared since the days of Abraham Ben Judah in the sixteenth century, down to the time of Rosenmüller in 1824, who enumerates not less than one hundred and twenty in his Elenchus Interpretum —to which a large number has since been added, some apology may be needed for the publication of the present It aspires, however, to be no more than a literal and, from its size, an easily accessible translation of the original text* of this ancient Poem. The translator's object has been to present the Book of Job in such a form as might give the merely English reader an accurate idea of the striking phraseology of the original, as well as of the form into which its author cast it. While therefore he has abstained from note or comment, he has aimed at a strict adherence to the original, and has been content with simply marking the stages of the argument, by occasional breaks in the text, indicative of a fresh

^{*} I.e, the Masoretic text. This, however, as is ably shown by Adolph Merx, might easily be corrected, in several obviously corrupt passages, from the Septuagint and Syriac Versions.—Vide Merx's Hiob, passim.

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speaker, or of a change in the subject-matter of the discourse.

He has also thought it best to retain the Hebrew designations of the Supreme Being-viz., El, Elohim, Eloah, which are three forms of the same word and derived from the same root—implying, primarily, the idea of a Being of supreme power, to whom, therefore (for this is the secondary and common sense), all reverence is due; Shaddai, or "Omnipotent;" Adonai, or "Lord," "Ruler;" and Goel, "vindicator, avenger, or redeemer," in chapter xix. 25, a passage which must be interpreted of Job's restoration to health, and in conformity with such texts as Psalm xix. 14, and eleven others, in which the word Goel, beyond a doubt, refers to Jahveh alone. The names also of the abode of the dead, Sheol, a "hollow," "subterranean place;" Abaddon, "the place of destruction," have been retained in their original form, as the English language does not contain their exact correlatives.

The precise age of the Book of Job is a point involved in much obscurity; this, however, may be confidently affirmed, that there are no satisfactory grounds for the judgment of those who place the composition of the Book in the patriarchal age, and suppose it to have been due to a pre-Mosaic author, or (as Jahn, Einleitung, ii., 202) to Moses himself. There are, in fact, scarcely sufficient data, either in the subject-matter of the poem, or in the style of the Hebrew, to enable criticism to pronounce, more than approximately, upon this important point. Upon the whole, the translator inclines to the opinion

that the Book of Job belongs to a period between the reign of Solomon and the Exile. For while, on the one hand, there are phrases, words, and ideas in the Book of Job which appear to prove that the writer was nearly contemporary with the author of the Book of Proverbs* and of certain Psalms, and acquainted with them; on the other, the mention of precious stones, metals, and mining, and of the river-horse and crocodile, etc., point to an age more or less posterior to that of Solomon; while the prophet Jeremiah undoubtedly presupposes the existence of the Book; which, therefore, possibly belongs to the beginning of the seventh century before the Christian Perhaps also such passages as ix. 24; xii. 6; xv. 18; xxi. 7; xxiv. 2, point to a disordered state of national affairs, and to the calamities which marked the closing periods of the national history of the Jewish people. The reader will find this subject fully discussed in Rosenmüller's Prolegomena to his Scholia, chap. ii., p. 55, second edition, and more recently by Ewald in his Commentary, by Dr. Davidson in his Introduction to the Old Testament, vol. ii., art. Job, as well as by Renan, whose preface deserves a careful perusal, especially the arguments, which lead to the conclusion that the speech of Elihu is by a different hand from that of the author of the rest of the poem, and in fact a later interpolation (Etude, etc., p. 56).

There can be no doubt that the entire Book is a

^{*} Compare Job v. 21 with Prov. iii. 25; Job. xv. 7 with Prov. viii. 25; Job iii. 21, 22 with Prov. ii. 4, 14; Job xviii. 7 with Prov. iv. 12; Job v. 17 with Prov. iii. 11, 13.

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discussion of that difficulty in the aspect of the moral world, which in every age has struck and perplexed thoughtful minds—viz., the consistency of the prosperity of the wicked, and the depression and afflictions of the good, with its righteous government on the part of the Father and Maker of all. The Book, upon the whole, marks, if not a development, at least a striking effort, of Jewish thought, and is to be regarded as a step of Divine appointment in gradually preparing the way for that fuller justification of the ways and dealings of God with man, which awaited mankind in the Christian Dispensation. The whole argument is resolved into the omnipotence of God, and man's utter ignorance of His ways in the works of creation and providence. creation shews the greatness, power, and wisdom of the Almighty, man must never assert that he suffers unjustly; and has nothing left him but to submit to the will of his Maker, and bow in lowliness of heart before the Divine majesty. In a word, the great lesson of the Book is that God is omniscient, omnipotent, and inscrutable; and that as "He gives to no man an account of His matters," man must acquiesce where he cannot understand, and walk by faith, not by sight.

THE BOOK OF JOB.

CHAPTER I. 1—7.

THERE was a man in the land of Uz, his name Job; and this man was perfect and upright, and one who feared Elohim and turned away from evil.

And there were born to him seven sons and three daughters; and his substance was seven thousands of sheep, and three thousands of camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses, and very many servants; so that this man was greater than all the Sons of the East.

Now his sons were wont to go and make a banquet at the house of each on his day; and they used to send and bid their three sisters to eat and drink with them.

And so it was that when the days of the banquet had gone their round, Job sent for and hallowed them; and he gat him up early in the morning, and offered up burnt-offerings, according to the number of them all; for Job said, "Haply my sons have sinned, and blasphemed Elohim in their heart." Thus used Job to do always.

And it was the day when the sons of the Elohim came to present themselves before Jahveh; and in their midst came Satan also: And Jahveh said to Satan, "Whence comest thou?" And Satan answered Jahveh and said,

CHAPTER I. 7—16.

"From roving in the earth, and ranging up and down in it."

Then said Jahveh to Satan, "Hast thou observed my servant Job? for on earth none is like him, a man perfect and upright, fearing Elohim and turning away from evil."

And Satan answered Jahveh and said, "Is it for nought that Job fears Elohim? Hast Thou not made a fence about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? The work of his hands hast Thou blessed, so that his substance spreads itself abroad in the land. But yet put forth now thy hand, and touch all that he has he will surely blaspheme thee to thy face!"

And Jahveh said to Satan, "Lo, all that he has is in thy hand: only upon himself put not forth thy hand."

And Satan went forth from Jahveh's presence.

Now it was the day when his sons and his daughters were eating, and drinking wine in the house of their brother, the first-born. And a messenger came to Job and said, "The oxen were plowing, and the she-asses pasturing beside them; and the Sabæan fell upon them, and seized them, and the young men they smote with the edge of the sword: and I am escaped, only I alone, to tell thee."

While this one was yet speaking, another came and said, "A fire of Elohim has fallen from the heavens, and burned up the sheep and the young men and consumed them, and I am escaped, only I alone, to tell thee."

While this one was yet speaking, came another and said, "The Chasdim formed three bands and spread themselves out for the camels, and took them, and smote

Chapter I. 16—II. 4.

the young men with the edge of the sword, and I am escaped, only I alone, to tell thee."

While this one was yet speaking, came another and said, "Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in the house of their brother the first-born, when, lo! a great wind came from across the desert, and smote the four corners of the house, so that it fell upon the young people, and they are dead; and I am escaped, only I alone, to tell thee."

Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell to the ground, and bowed himself, and said, "Naked came I from my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither. Jahveh gave, and Jahveh has taken; let Jahveh's name be blessed."

In all this Job sinned not, nor imputed wrong to Elohim.

And it was the day when the sons of the Elohim came to present themselves before Jahveh; and there came Satan also among them to present himself before Jahveh. And Jahveh said to Satan, "Whence mayest thou come?" And Satan answered Jahveh and said, "From roving on the earth, and from ranging up and down in it."

And Jahveh said to Satan, "Hast thou observed my servant Job? for on earth is none like him, a man perfect and upright, fearing Elohim and turning away from evil. And still he holds fast to his uprightness though thou didst incite me against him, to swallow him up in ruin without a cause."

And Satan answered Jahveh and said, "Skin for Skin!—yea all that a man hath will he give up for his

CHAPTER II. 4-III. 1.

life. But put forth thine hand now and touch his bone and his flesh he will surely blaspheme thee to thy face."

And Jahveh said to Satan, "Behold him in thy hand; only, spare thou his life."

And Satan went forth from before Jahveh, and smote Job with a bad ulcer from the sole of his foot even to his crown. And he took him a sherd to scrape himself therewith, as he sat among the ashes.

And his wife said to him, "Dost thou still hold fast thine uprightness? Blaspheme Elohim and die."

And he said to her, "Thou speakest as one of the impious women speaketh; shall we then accept the good from Elohim, and shall we not accept the evil?"

For all this, Job sinned not with his lips.

Then three of Job's friends heard of all this evil that had befallen him, and they came each from his place; Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Tsophar the Naamathite; and they appointed together to come to condole with him, and to comfort him. And they lifted up their eyes from afar, and knew him not; and they lifted up their voice and wept, and rent each one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads towards heaven.

And they sat with him on the ground seven days and seven nights; and not one spake a word to him, for they saw that *his* pain was exceeding great.

Afterwards Job opened his mouth and cursed his birth-day.

CHAPTER III. 1—14.

And Job spake and said:

Perish the day in which I was born,

And the night that said, "A man-child is conceived!"

That day! let it be darkness!

Eloah regard it not from above!

Nor let light shine upon it!

Let darkness and death-shade reclaim it!

Let cloud abide upon it!

Let obscurations of the day affright it!

That night! deep darkness take it away!

Let it not be united with the days of the year!

Let it not come among the number of the months!

Lo, that night! be it barren!

May no cry of joy enter it!

Let those who curse days, lay their ban upon it,

Those who are of skill to rouse up Leviathan!

Darkened be the stars of its twilight!

Let it wait for light and there be none!

Nor let it behold the eyelashes of the dawn!

For it shut not up the doors of my mother's belly,

Nor hid trouble from mine eyes.

Why did I not die from the womb—

Come forth from the belly and expire?

Wherefore did knees receive me,

And why breasts, that I should suck?

For now had I lain me down and been quiet,

Had slumbered—had been then at rest,

With kings and counsellors of the earth,

Who built for themselves desolate sepulchres;

CHAPTER III. 15—IV. 2.

Or with princes, possessed of gold, Who filled their houses with silver; Or, like a hidden abortion, I had not been, Like babes that see not light. There the wicked cease from turmoil, And there the strong, worn out, find rest; The prisoners are tranquil together, They hear not the voice of taskmaster; Small and great—both are there, And the slave is free from his lord. Why gives He light to the afflicted, And life to the embittered of spirit; (Who long for death but it comes not, And seek it more than hidden treasures— Who rejoice even to exultation, Are joyous to find the tomb—) To a man whose way is hidden, Whom Eloah hath hedged in? For my groaning comes before my food, And my roarings gush out like waters; For I feared a fear, and it reaches me, And that which I dreaded is come upon me. I had no quiet, and no repose, And rested not, but turmoil came!

Then answered Eliphaz the Temanite and said:

Should one try a word with thee, wilt thou take it ill? But restraint in speaking who can bear?

CHAPTER IV. 3—15.

Lo; thou hast instructed many, And feeble hands hast thou strengthened;

The stumbling have thy words upraised, And sinking knees thou madest firm;

But now it is come unto thyself, and thou faintest; It touches thee, and thou art confounded.

Was not thy fear of God and the uprightness of thy ways Thy confidence, thy hope?

Bethink thee now; what innocent person has perished? And when have the upright been cut off?

As I have seen, plowers of iniquity, And sowers of trouble, reap it:

By Eloah's breath they perish, And by blast of his nostril are consumed;

The roaring of the lion, and the voice of the swarthy-lion, And the teeth of young lions are broken;

The strong lion perishes for lack of prey, And the whelps of the lioness are scattered.

¶ Now an Oracle reached me by stealth, And mine ear caught its whisper,
In thoughts, from visions of the night,
When deep sleep falls on men.

An alarm came on me and a shuddering, And caused all my bones to tremble;—

When a wind-gust swept before my face, The hair of my flesh rose on end—

CHAPTER IV. 16—V. 6.

There stood One, whose form I could not discern;
A shape was before mine eyes—
There was silence and I heard a voice:

- "Shall a mortal man be more just than Eloah—Man be purer than his Maker?
- "Lo, He trusts not His own servants, And imputes folly to His angels;
- "How much more to those who dwell in houses of clay, Whose foundation is in the dust; Sooner than the moth are they crushed—
- "From morn to even they are broken in pieces; They perish for ever unheeded;
- "Is not their excellency plucked away? They die, but not in wisdom."
- ¶ Call now, is there any one who will answer thee?
 And to whom of the Holy Ones wilt thou turn?
 Nay, vexation slays the foolish,
 And envy kills the simple!
 I have seen the impious striking root;
 But at once I cursed his dwelling—
 For his children are far from safety,
 They crush each other in the gate,
 With none to deliver;
 His beryest the starveling ents

His harvest the starveling eats,
And takes it even from within thorns,
And a snare gapes for their substance:——
Though calamity comes not from the dust,
And trouble grows not of the ground;

Chapter V. 7—20.

Yet man is born to trouble As [eagles] sons of lightning soar aloft.

But I, I would seek to El, And commit my case to Elohim;

Who does great things past searching out, Wondrous things without number;

Giver of rain upon the face of the earth, And sending waters upon the face of the outlands;

To set those that be low on high, While the mourners are upraised to welfare;

Breaking up the devices of the crafty, So that their hands effect no purpose;

Catching the wise in their own craft, So that the counsel of the wily is carried headlong;

In the day time they meet with darkness,

And in noon-brightness grope as in the night;

And He saves from the sword, from their mouth, And from the hand of the violent,—the poor;

So to the feeble is hope,

And iniquity shuts up her mouth.

Lo, blessed the man whom Eloah corrects! Therefore reject not thou the chastening of Shaddai;

For He makes sore, and yet binds up; He bruises, but His hands make whole:

In six troubles He delivers thee, Nor in seven shall evil touch thee;

In famine He ransoms thee from death, And in war from the hands of the sword;

CHAPTER V. 21-VI. 6.

When the tongue scourges shalt thou be hidden,
Nor be afraid of desolation, when it comes;
At ravage and at famine shalt thou laugh,
Nor fear the wild beasts of the land;
For even with the stones of the field shalt thou be in league,

And the wild beast of the field shall be at peace with thee,

So that thou shalt know that thy tent is peace, And visit thy pasture nor miss aught;

And know that thy seed shall be many,
And thy offspring like the grass of the land;
Thou shalt come to the tomb in good old age,
As the sheaf is borne in, in its season.
Lo this, we have sought it out; it is so;
Hear it, and know thou it for thyself.

Then answered Job and said:

Would that my grief were duly weighed, And my ills lifted with it into balances!

For heavier now are they than sand of seas: Therefore my words were rash;

For arrows of Shaddai are in me, Whose poison my spirit drinks: Eloah's terrors array themselves against me.

Does the wild ass bray over his grass? Or lows the ox over his fodder?

Can the unsavoury be eaten without salt? Is there taste in juice of purslain?

CHAPTER VI. 7—19.

My soul refuses to touch That which has become as my loathed food.

Oh! would that my request might come to pass, And that Eloah would grant my hope,—

Yea, that Eloah would please to crush me, Let loose His hand and cut me off!

Yet this would be still my comfort, And I would exult amid pain which spares not, For I have not denied the words of the Holy One.

What is my strength, that I should hope?
And what my end, that I should still be patient?

Is my strength the strength of stones?
Is my flesh bronze?

Is not my help gone, And resource driven away from me?

To one who pines should be pity from his friend, Else may he forsake the fear of Shaddai;

But my brethren have been treacherous like a brook, Like the stream of brooks that pass away;

The darkly-turbid with ice, In which the snow hides itself;

What time they flow they are dried up, When it is hot, they are extinguished from their place;

They who travel that way turn aside, They go up into the desert and perish;

The caravans of Tema looked forth,
The companies of Sheba awaited them;—

CHAPTER VI. 20—VII. 2.

Ashamed are they to have thus confided, They came up to them and blushed. For thus, now, ye are nought— Ye see my dismay and are terrified. Is it that I said, "Give to me?" Or, "Of your means make presents on my behalf;" Or, "Deliver me from an enemy's hand?" Or, "From the hand of tyrants ransom me?" Teach me, and I will be mute; And make clear to me wherein I have erred: How forcible are upright speeches! But what does your reproof reprove? Think ye to reprove words, Though the speeches of a desperate man are as wind? Ye would even cast lots upon the orphan, And dig a pitfall for your friend. But now be pleased to look upon me; Plain shall it be to you if I am false: Turn now, let there be no unfairness; Yea, turn again,—my cause is just. Is unfairness in my tongue? Cannot my palate discern what is wrong?

Has not man a warfare upon earth?
And are not his days like the days of a hireling;
Like a slave who pants for shade,
And like a hireling who awaits his wage?

CHAPTER VII. 3—15.

So am I made to inherit months of calamity, And troublous nights are allotted me.

If I lie down, then say I, "When shall I arise, and when the flight of night?"

And till daybreak I am filled with tossings;

Worms and clods of earth clothe my flesh, My skin gathers and discharges;

My days are swifter than a shuttle, And pass away without hope!

Remember that my life is but a breath,— Mine eye shall never again see prosperity,

The eye of him that sees me shall look on me no more; Thine eyes are upon me, and I am not.

A cloud passes away and is gone, So he that goes down to Sheol comes up no more;

No more returns he to his house, And his place knows him no more.

Therefore I too will not restrain my mouth, In anguish of my spirit will I speak, In bitterness of my soul I will make my plaint.

Am I a sea? or a sea monster?
That thou settest a watch upon me!
When I say, "My couch may comfort me,
My bed may ease my complaining,"

Then thou scarest me with dreams, And frightenest me by visions,

So that my soul makes choice of strangling, Of death, rather than *such* bones as mine:

CHAPTER VII. 16—VIII. 5.

I melt away; I shall not live for long; Let me alone; for my days are a breath!

What is man, that Thou shouldst prize him, And thou shouldst set Thine heart upon him!

That Thou shouldst visit him each morn, And try him every moment!

How long wilt Thou not look away from me, Nor give me respite till I swallow down my spittle?

Be it that I have sinned, yet what have I done to Thee, Thou watcher of man?

Why hast Thou made me Thy object of assault,

So that I am become a burden to myself?

And why dost Thou not take away my offence, And cause my sin to pass away?

For now, would I lay me in the dust; And when Thou seekest me, I shall not be.

Then answered Bildad the Shuhite, and said:

How long wilt thou utter these things, And words of thy mouth be a mighty wind?

Does El wrest judgment? Or does Shaddai wrest justice?

If against Him thy sons have sinned, Then to their own offence has He given them over;

But thou, if thou wilt seek unto El, And implore the favour of Shaddai—

CHAPTER VIII. 6-18

If thou art pure and upright, Surely now will He wake up on thy behalf, And keep in safety the abode of thy righteousness;

And were thy former estate small, Yet thy latter should be a vast increase.

For ask now of the former generation, And apply to the lore of their sires!

(For of yesterday are we, and know nothing, Yea, a shadow are our days on earth,)

Shall not they teach thee—speak to thee,—And bring forth words out of their heart?

- "Does the bulrush grow up where there is no marsh?

 Does sedge make increase without water?
- "While still in its greenness, uncut, Yet it withers before any other herb:
- "So fares it with all who forget El, And the hope of the impious perishes;
- "Whose confidence is cut asunder; And his trust is a spider's house;
- "He may lean on his house, but it does not stand, He holds fast to it, but it does not endure;
- "He is full of sap under the sun,
 And his branches go forth over his garden;
- "But his roots entwine around a stone heap, He beholds the stony base:—
- "If it destroy him from his place,
 So that it deny him—'I never saw thee;'—

CHAPTER VIII. 19—IX. 9.

"Lo, this is the joy of his course!

And out of the soil will others grow."

Lo, El despises not the pious, Nor takes the wicked by the hand;

He will yet fill thy mouth with laughter, And thy lips with shout of joy:

They that hate thee shall be clothed with shame, And the tent of the wicked shall perish.

Then answered Job and said:

Of a truth I know that it is so; But how shall man be just with El?

Should he desire to contend with Him, Not one of a thousand questions could he answer Him:

Wise of heart and mighty in strength!
Who is safe that hardens himself against Him?—

Him who removes mountains, ere men are aware, Who overturns them in his wrath;

Who disturbs *the* earth from its place, So that its pillars tremble;

Who commands the sun, and it shines not, And sets His seal upon the stars;

Stretching out the heavens, alone, And walking the towering sea waves;

Maker of the Wain, the Giant, and the Cluster, And the Chambers of the South;

CHAPTER IX. 10—22.

Doer of great things past searching out, And wonders past reckoning up!

¶ Lo, He passes by me, but I see Him not; And sweeps past, but I do not discern Him!

Lo, He seizes—who can turn Him back?
Who shall say to Him, "What doest Thou?"

Eloah will not turn back His anger!
Proud helpers bow down beneath Him—

Much less can I reply to Him, Choose out my words with Him,

To Whom, though innocent, I would not reply, But would plead for favour to my judge.

Had I called on Him, and He had answered me, Yet would I not be sure He had given ear to my voice,

Who overwhelms me with tempest,
And, without cause, multiplies my wounds:—

He suffers me not to draw my breath, But fills me with bitternesses.

If it is a question of strength,—lo, He is mighty; If of right,—who would appoint me to meet Him?

Should I say "I am just," my own mouth would condemn me;

If "I am upright," this would pervert my cause;

If I am upright, I know not myself as such: Therefore my life do I loathe!

¶ It is all one—therefore did I say,

The upright and the guilty He destroys alike.

CHAPTER IX. 23—X. 1.

If a scourge slay suddenly, He laughs at the trial of the innocent! Earth is given into the hand of the wicked— He veils the faces of its judges— If not He, who then is it? Swifter, too, than a courier are my days, They flee away, they behold not good; They sweep past like skiffs of reed, As an eagle swooping to its prey. If I say, "I will forget my plaint, Give over my sad faces and brighten up," I am fearful at all my troubles, I know that Thou wilt not acquit me. If I must be guilty, Why then weary myself in vain? Though I wash myself in snow water, And cleanse my hands with potash, Then wouldst Thou plunge me into a ditch, And my garments would loathe me. For He is not a man, as I am, that I might answer Him, That we might enter into judgment together; There is no arbiter between us, To lay his hand upon us both. Let Him withdraw his rod from upon me, And let not His terrors scare me; Then would I speak and not fear Him: But not so am I in myself. My soul loathes my life:— I will give way to my plaint, which comes upon me, In the bitterness of my soul will I speak;

CHAPTER X. 2—15.

I will say to Eloah, "Pronounce me not guilty; Make me to know why Thou strivest with me;

- "Beseems it Thee to oppress, to despise, Thy handywork, While Thou shinest upon the counsel of the wicked?
- "Hast Thou eyes of flesh?
 Or seest Thou, as frail-man seeth?
- "Are Thy days as the days of frail-man, And Thy years as the days of man,
- "That after my fault Thou searchest, And enquirest for my sin;
- "Though Thou knowest I am not guilty,
 And that none can deliver out of Thy hand?
- ¶ "Thy hands have fashioned me and made me all round about;

Yet dost Thou swallow me up in ruin!

- "Remember now, that like clay hast Thou moulded me, And that to dust Thou wilt return me!
- "Didst Thou not pour me out like milk, And curdle me like cheese—
- "With skin and flesh didst clothe me, And with bones and sinews fence me in?
- "Life and favour hast Thou vouchsafed me, And Thy care has watched over my spirit;
- "But these things Thou wast hiding in Thy heart, I know that this was Thy purpose.
- "If I have sinned, and Thou hast watched me, And dost not acquit me of my guilt,
- "If I have done wickedly, alas for me!
 Or if I have been righteous, I can not raise my head,
 Sated with shame, and seeing my own misery!—

CHAPTER X. 16—XI. 5.

"And should it uplift itself, Thou would'st hunt me like a lion,

And again shew Thyself mighty against me;

- "Wouldst renew Thy witnesses before me, And increase Thine anger at me, Host after host against me!
- ¶ "Why then didst Thou bring me forth from the womb? Then should I have breathed my last, and no eye have seen me!
- "I should be as though I had not been, Borne from the belly to the grave!
- "Are not my days few? let Him then desist,

 Let Him withdraw from me that I may brighten up a

 little,
- "Before I go, and return not,
 To a land of darkness and death-shadow:
- "A land of gloom, like murk of death-shadow, Where order is not, and the light is as murk."

Then answered Tsophar the Naamathite, and said:

Shall a multitude of words not be answered,
And shall a man of loquacious lips be held right?
Shall men let thy figments pass in silence,
So that thou mock, with none to shame thee,—
And say to them, "My discourse is pure,
And I am clean in thine eyes?"
But would now that Eloah would speak,

And open His lips against thee;

CHAPTER XI. 6—18.

And tell thee secrets of wisdom,
(For manifold is *His* counsel),
And know that Eloah exacts less than thy sins desert!

¶ Wouldst thou reach the depths of Eloah?
Wouldst thou reach to the perfection of Shaddai?

Heights of heaven! what canst thou do?

Deeper than Sheol! what canst thou know?

Longer than the earth its measure, And broader than the sea!

If He assail and imprison, And hold assize, then who shall hinder Him?

For He knows those who are nothing worth, And beholds wickedness which man marks not;

For man is empty and lacks understanding, Yea, man is born a wild ass's colt.

If thou apply thy heart, And stretch out thy hands to Him;—

If iniquity be in thy hand, put it far away, And let not wickedness dwell in thy tent;—

For then, without spot shalt thou uplift thy face, Stedfast and fearless shalt thou be;

For thou shalt forget trouble, Remember it, as waters that have passed away;

And a life-time brighter than noonday shall arise,—
Though now covered with darkness thou shalt be as
the morning;

And thou shalt be secure because there is hope, And shalt look around—shalt take thy rest in safety;

CHAPTER XI. 19—XII. 9.

And when thou shall lie down, none shall alarm thee, Yea, many shall make suit to thee.

But the eyes of the wicked shall waste away, And refuge shall perish from them, And their hope,—the breathing out of life!

Then answered Job, and said:

In sooth then ye are the folk, And with you shall wisdom die!

I, too, have understanding as well as you,—
I fall not short of you;—
And with whom are not such words as these?

I am become one who is a laughing-stock to his friend! He who called Eloah and He answered him,—
The just, the blameless, a laughing-stock!

Contempt for misfortune is in the thoughts of the secure;

It awaits those whose feet totter!

Tranquil to the spoilers are their tents, And to those who provoke El is confidence— Whose hand Eloah fills!

And yet ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee, And the fowl of heaven, and it shall tell thee;

Or speak to Earth, and it shall teach thee, And the fishes of the sea shall declare it to thee;

Which of all these knows not, That Jahveh's hand hath done this?

CHAPTER XII. 10—22.

In whose hand is the soul of every living thing, And the breath of all flesh of man.

¶ Does not the ear test words, And the palate taste its food?

With the aged is wisdom, And length of days is understanding:—

But with HIM, wisdom and might, Counsel and understanding, His!

Lo! He breaks down, and it cannot be rebuilt, He shuts a man up, and he cannot be loosed;

Lo! He withholds the waters, and they dry up, When He sends them forth, they subvert the earth.

With Him is might and power, The deceived and deceiver, His;

He leads away counsellors spoiled, And makes judges foolish;

He loosens the girdle of kings, And binds a cord upon their loins;

He leads away chiefs spoiled, And overthrows the strong;

He deprives the trusted of eloquence, And takes away the judgment of the aged;

He pours contempt on princes, And loosens the belt of the mighty;

He lays bare deep things out of darkness, And brings forth death-shadow to light,

CHAPTER XII. 23—XIII. 9.

He enlarges nations, and destroys them, Spreads nations abroad—then leads them captive;

He takes away the understanding of the chiefs of the people of the earth,

And makes them wander in a pathless waste;

They grope the darkness where there is no light; And He makes them wander like a drunken man.

¶ Lo! all this mine eye beholds, Mine ear hears, and understands it:

As ye know, know I also, I fall not *short* of you.

But I,—to Shaddai would I speak, And with El I desire to reason;

Whilst ye—are forgers of lies, Worthless healers, all of ye!

Would that ye would be wholly silent, And it would be to you for wisdom!

Hear now my reasoning, And attend to the pleadings of my lips.

On behalf of El will ye speak iniquity, And for Him will ye speak falsehood?

Will ye take His side with partiality, And plead contentiously on behalf of El?

Will it be well when He searches you out? Can ye mock at Him as a frail man is mocked?

CHAPTER XIII. 10-22.

Severely will He chastise you, If in secret ye regard persons!

Does not His majesty alarm you, And the fear of Him fall upon you?

Your sayings are maxims of ashes, Bulwarks of clay your bulwarks;

Be silent before me, and I will speak, And let what may befal me:

Come what may, I will take my flesh in my teeth, And put my life in my hand:

Lo! He may slay me—I may cease to hope—Yet to His face will I defend my ways:

Even He shall be a deliverance to me, For a hypocrite cannot come into His presence.

¶ Hearken heedfully to my discourse, And let my utterance enter into your ears; Behold now, I set my cause in order,

Behold now, I set my cause in order, I know that I have right on my side:—

Who is he that will contend with me? So that I should be silent and expire?

Only do not Thou two things with me, Then will I not hide myself from Thy presence;

Remove far thine hand from upon me, And let not Thy terrors fright me;

Then accuse Thou, and I will answer, Or I will speak, and respond Thou to me.

CHAPTER XIII. 23—XIV. 6.

¶ How many are my iniquities and sins?

My transgression and my sin make known to me.

Why hidest Thou thy face, And deemest me Thy foe?

Wilt Thou terrify a driven leaf? And wilt Thou chase dry chaff?

For Thou recordest bitter things against me, And entailest on me the sins of my youth;

And settest my feet in stocks, And keepest all my paths, And trenchest about the soles of my feet;

While I as rottenness waste away, Like a garment the moth has eaten.

¶ Man, born of woman,
Short of days, and sated with disquiet,
Comes forth like a flower and is cut off,
And flees like a shadow, and abides not;

Yet on such a one dost Thou set open thine eyes, And bringest me into judgment with Thee.

Who can bring forth the clean out from the unclean! No one can do it.

If his days be determined
And the number of his months be with Thee—
If Thou hast set his bound that he cannot overpass,

Look away from him that he may have a respite, Until, like a hireling, he enjoy his day of rest.

CHAPTER XIV. 7—18.

For there is hope of a tree, that if felled it will sprout, And its tender-branch not fail;

Though its root in the earth wax old, And its stock die in the soil,

It buds at *the* scent of water, And makes boughs as if newly planted;

But man dies and is brought low, And breathes his last; and where is he?

Waters pass away from a lake, And a stream is parched up and dries;

So man lies down and rises not, Till the heavens be no more they awake not, Nor are they aroused from their sleep.

Oh that Thou wouldst hide me in Sheol,
Wouldst conceal me till thine anger turn,
Wouldst appoint me a set-time and then remember
me!

If a man die, shall he live again?

If so, all the days of my hard service would I wait
Till my change of service came;

Then shalt thou call, and I would answer Thee,—
Thou wilt long for the work of Thy hands;

But now Thou countest my steps—
Dost Thou not keep watch over my sin?
My trangression is sealed up in a bag,
And Thou sewest up my iniquity.
But, in sooth, a mountain falling, crumbles away,
And a rock is removed from its place;

CHAPTER XIV. 19-XV. 8.

Waters wear down stones,—
Their floods wash away the soil of earth,—
So destroyest Thou the hope of mortal-man;

Thou overpowerest him for aye, and he passes hence, Thou changest his aspect, and sendest him away;

His sons attain to honour, but he knows it not; Or are they brought low, but he perceives it not of them:

Only his own flesh feels pain, And for himself his spirit mourns.

Then answered Eliphaz the Temanite, and said:

Should a sage reply with windy lore, And with east-wind fill his belly?

Reasoning with talk that cannot profit, And words with which he can do no good?

Nay, more, thou dost break down piety, And takest away devotion before El;

For thine own mouth teaches thy iniquity, And thou choosest the tongue of the subtle;

Thine own mouth, and not I, convicts thee, And thine own lips witness against thee.

¶ Thou the first man born!

And thou brought forth before the hills!

Hast thou listened in Eloah's council?

And dost thou reserve wisdom to thyself?

CHAPTER XV. 9—21.

What knowest thou which we know not? Understandest—and it is not with us?

Among us are both gray and aged, More full of days than thy sire:

Are the consolations of El too little for thee, And the word which He has spoken softly with thee?

Why does thy heart carry thee away? And at what do thine eyes wink?

That thou turnest thy spirit against El, And utterest *such* speeches from thy mouth?

What is frail-man, that he should be pure, And the woman-born, that he should be righteous?

Lo, He distrusts his Holy Ones, And the heavens are not pure in His eyes;—

Much more is loathsome and unclean, Man, who drinks in iniquity like water.

¶ I will shew thee; hearken to me;— For this have I seen and will declare,

That which sages relate, Nor conceal it, from their fathers' teaching;

To whom, alone, the earth was given; Nor passed a stranger through their midst:

- "That all his days is the wicked self tormented,
- "And the oppressor through the number of his appointed years:
- "A sound of terrors is in his ears,
- "In peace itself the spoiler comes on him;

CHAPTER XV. 22—33.

- "He is not sure that he shall come back out of darkness,
- "And watched is he for the sword;
- "He wanders about for bread wherever it may be,
- "Knows that a day of darkness is ready at his hand;
- "Distress and anguish scare him,
- "Like a king ready for battle they overpower him.
- "For he stretched out his hand against El;
- "And bore himself proudly against Shaddai;
- "He ran against Him with defiant neck,
- "With thick bosses of his shields;-
- "For he covered his face with his fatness,
- "And made thick-fat upon his flank.
- "Therefore dwells he in desolate cities,
- "In houses which none can inhabit,
- "Destined to become heaps of ruins;
- "He is not rich nor does his substance last,
- "And his possessions spread not abroad in the earth;
- "Out of darkness he departs not,
- "A flame parches up his branch,
- "And at the breath of God's mouth he departs!
- "Let not the misled trust in vanity,
- "For vanity shall be his recompense;
- "Ere his day is spent it is complete,
- "And his branch is not green:
- "Like the vine he shakes off his sour-grape,
- "And casts his flower like the olive.

CHAPTER XV. 34—XVI. 9.

- "For the household of an impious man shall be barren,
- "And fire shall devour the tents of bribery;
- "He conceives mischief, and brings forth crime;
- "And their inward-parts prepare deceit."

Then answered Job, and said:

Many such things as these have I heard;

Wearisome comforters are ye all!

Will there be an end to windy words?

Or what provokes thee to answer thus?

I too could speak as ye do—

Would that ye felt as I now feel!

I could make a league with words against you,

I could shake my head at you as in condolence;

I could strengthen you with my mouth,

And the movement of my lips might restrain your grief!

But now, though I speak, my grief is not assuaged,

And if I forbear, what of it departs from me?

Truly, now hath He worn me out;

Thou desolatest all my household, and seizest me;

My leanness has become a witness and rises up against me,

It makes answer, to my very face:

His wrath tears and persecutes me;

He gnashes at me with His teeth;

My foe sharpens His eyes against me:

CHAPTER XVI. 10-20.

They open wide their mouths at me, They smite me on the cheek reproachfully, They gather themselves together against me;

El shuts me up unto an evil man, And casts me forth into the hands of wicked ones;

I was at ease, and He crushed me, And He seized me by my neck and dashed me to pieces,

And He set me up as His butt; His arrows surround me;

He cleaves my reins and spares not, He sheds my gall upon the ground;

He breaches me with breach on breach, He rushes on me like a mighty warrior!

¶ I have sewn sackcloth on my skin,
And have thrust my horn into the dust;

My face is red with weeping, And death-shadow is on my eyelids,

Although there is no wrong in my hands,—And my prayer was pure.

Earth, cover not my blood, And let there be no resting-place for my cry!

Even now, behold! my witness is in heaven, And He who bears testimony to me, on high.

My friends are my mockers!

Yet mine eyes shed tears unto Eloah:—

Chapter XVI. 21—XVII. 10.

Would that it might plead for a man with Eloah, As a son of man pleads for his fellow;

For let a few years have come,

Then shall I travel the road by which I shall not return;—

My days extinguished; For me the tombs!

¶ Are not mockings with me?
Yea, mine eye dwells on their provokings.

Put down pledges now; be Thou surety for me with Thyself;

Who else can strike hands with me?

For Thou hast hid their heart from understanding, Therefore Thou will not exalt them above me;

He who betrays friends for spoil, The very eyes of his sons shall waste away.

¶ He has also set me up as a proverb to the peoples, I am become one whose face is spit on;

And mine eye is dim through vexation, And my limbs, all of them are as a shadow.

At this the upright are astonished, And the innocent arouses himself against the impious;

But the righteous shall hold fast his way,
And the pure of hands shall increase strength:—

But as for you all, turn, and come now, And I shall not find a wise man among you.

CHAPTER XVII. 11—XVIII. 6.

¶ My days pass away,
And my purposes are broken off,
My most cherished thoughts;

And yet my night would they make day, Light to be near in the presence of darkness;

If I hope, it is for Sheol as my abode! I shall spread my bed in darkness;

To the grave I cry, "My father thou!"
"My mother!" and "my sister!" to the worm.

And where then is my hope? Aye, my hope, who can see it?

To Sheol shall my limbs descend, Since in the dust is wholly rest.

Then answered Bildad the Shuhite, and said:

When will ye make an end of words? Consider—and afterwards let us speak.

Why are we counted as a beast, Held unclean in your eyes?

Oh thou that rendest thyself in thine anger; For thee shall the earth be forsaken, And the rock remove out of its place?

Yes, the light of the wicked shall be put out, And the flame of his fire shall not shine!

In his tent the light becomes darkness, And his lamp that is over him is put out;

CHAPTER XVIII. 7—19.

His mighty strides are straitened, And his own counsel casts him down;

For he is thrust into a net by his own feet, And he walks of himself, upon meshes;

A trap catches him by the heel, And a snare seizes upon him!

A noose is concealed in the ground for him, And a gin for him upon the path;

Terrors scare him all around, And harass him at his feet;

Famished is his strength, And destruction is ready at his side;

The first-born of death devours his limbs, Devours the limbs of his body;

His confidence is torn away from his tent, Terrors chase him forth like a hostile king;

They abide in the tent, no longer his, Brimstone is scattered on his abode;

His roots are dried up beneath, And his branch is lopped above;

The remembrance of him perishes from the earth, And he has no name in the street;

Men thrust him from light into darkness, And chase him out of the world;

He shall have no offspring nor progeny among his people,

And no survivor in his dwellings;

CHAPTER XVIII. 20—XIX. 11.

Posterity will be astonished at his day, As the ancients were seized with horror: Such surely are the dwellings of the wicked, And this the place of him who knew not El.

Then answered Job, and said:

How long will ye grieve my soul, And crush me with words?

These ten times have ye insulted me:—Shameless that ye are, ye stupefy me!

And be it, in sooth, that I have erred, With myself let my error rest.

If indeed ye magnify yourselves against me, And plead my reproach against me,

Know then that Eloah has wrested my cause, And has environed me with his net.

Lo, I exclaim at my wrong, but am not answered; I cry aloud, but there is no justice:

He has hedged up my way that I cannot pass, And set darkness on my paths;

He has stripped my glory from me, And taken away the crown from my head;

He has broken me down on every side, so that I pass away,

And has plucked up my hope like a tree;

And His wrath against me is kindled, And He reckons me as of his foes;

CHAPTER XIX. 12—24.

His troops advance together, And throw up their causeway against me, And encamp around my tent.

He has removed my brethren far away, And my acquaintance are verily estranged from me;

My kinsmen fail,

And my familiars forget me;

The inmates of my house and my maidens count me for a stranger,

I am become an alien in their eyes;

I call to my servant, but he will not answer, Though I implore him with my own mouth;

My breath is strange to my wife, And my entreaties to the sons of my body;

The children too despise me,

When I rise up they speak against me;

All the men of my counsel abhor me, And such as I love are turned against me;

My bone cleaves to my skin and to my flesh, And with skin only of my teeth am I escaped;—

Pity me, pity me, O ye my friends, For Eloah's hand has touched me!

Why should ye persecute me, like El, And not be satisfied with these woes of my flesh?

Would then that my words were written, Would that they were graven in a book! With graving-tool of iron, and lead, Cut out in rock for aye!

CHAPTER XIX. 25-XX. 7.

For I know that my Vindicator lives,

And shall arise, the Last, over this dust;

Even after they, my sores, have destroyed my skin, shall this be,

And in my flesh shall I see Eloah,

Whom I shall see for myself,

And mine own eyes, and not a stranger, shall behold:

My reins pine away with longing

That ye should say, "why persecute we him?"

For the root of this affair is found in myself.

Beware ye of the sword: for wrath is a crime for the sword,

This, that ye may know there is a judgment.

Then answered Tsophar the Naamathite, and said:

Yet my thoughts cause me to reply,

And, because of my haste within me:

I hear a chiding to my shame,

But a spirit from my understanding furnishes me with an answer.

Knowest thou not this of old.

Since man was placed upon the earth,

That brief is the joy-shout of the wicked,

And the rejoicing of the impious, for a moment?

Though his height mount up to heaven,

And his head touch the clouds,

Like his own ordure he perishes for ever;

They that saw him say, "Where is he?"

CHAPTER XX. 8-20.

Like a dream he flies away, and shall not be found, And he flits like a vision of night;

The eye looks on him and does so no more, And his place beholds him not again;

His sons seek the favour of the poor, And their hands restore his ill-gotten wealth;

His bones are full of his youth—
But it shall lie down with him in the dust:

Though wickedness be sweet in his mouth, So that he hide it under his tongue,

So that he spares it, and will not leave it, But retains it in his mid palate,

Yet is his food turned in his bowels, It is gall of asps within him;

He swallowed down riches, and disgorges them, El drives them out of his belly:—

He sucks poison of asps— A viper's tongue slays him!

He may not see the rivers,
The streaming brooks of honey and butter;

That for which he toiled, he returns and devours not,
As a possession to be restored in which one does not
rejoice;

Because he crushed, forsook the poor. Seized on a house which he did not build;

Because quiet was unknown within him— Through his treasures he cannot deliver himself.

CHAPTER XX. 21—XXI. 3.

Not a remnant is there for his food! Therefore his prosperity shall not be stable;

In the fulness of his abundance he is straitened, Every stroke of a wretched man comes upon him.

Let there be wherewithal to fill his belly— God sends on him His burning wrath, And rains it upon him as his food!

He flees from a weapon of iron— A bow of bronze transfixes him!

He draws it out, and it comes forth from his body, And the glittering arrow from his gall;

He departs: terrors are upon him: All darkness is laid up for his treasures;

A fire not blown up by man devours him, Consumes what is left in his tent;

The Heavens reveal his iniquity, And earth uplifts itself against him;

The increase of his house departs, Its riches, in the day of His anger.

This the portion of a wicked man from Elohim, And his decreed inheritance from El.

Then answered Job, and said:

Hearken heedfully to my discourse, And let such as this be your consolations; Bear with me, and I will speak, And after my speaking mock thou!

CHAPTER XXI. 4—16.

As for me, is my complaint against a man? And if so, why should not my temper be short?

Look at me, and be astonished, And place hand on mouth:—

Even if I think upon it, then am I perturbed, And trembling seizes on my flesh:—

Why live on the wicked— Wax old, aye, become mighty in power?

Their seed is stablished in their presence with them, And their issue before their eyes;

Their houses are safe from fear, Neither is Eloah's rod upon them;

Their bull impregnates, and does not fail, Their cow calves, and does not miscarry;

They send forth their little ones like a flock, And their children skip for joy;

They uplift their voice to timbrel and harp, And rejoice at sound of pipe;

They wear away their days amid pleasures, And go down to Sheol in a moment;

And they say to El, "Depart from us, For we desire not knowledge of thy ways;

"What is Shaddai that we should serve Him?"
And what will it profit us if we make our suit to Him?"

But see, their prosperity is not in their own hand;—Far from me be the counsel of the wicked!

Chapter XXI. 17—28.

How oft is the lamp of the wicked put out,
And their destruction comes upon them!
The woes He apportions in His anger!
They become like straw before the blast,
And as chaff which the storm bears off;
Eloah lays up His affliction for his children;
He requites him, that he may take knowledge;
His own eyes shall behold his calamity,
And he shall drink of the wrath of Shaddai;
For what pleasure has he in his house after him,
And when the number of his months is cut short?
Would he teach El knowledge?
Since it is He who judges lofty ones.

- ¶ One dies in full welfare,
 Wholly at ease and tranquil;
 His loins are full of fat,
 And his bones are moistened with marrow;
 And another dies with bitter soul,
 And has never tasted prosperity;
 They lie down together in the dust,
 And the worm covers them.
- ¶ Behold, I know your thoughts,
 And the devices wherewith ye do me wrong;
 For ye say, "Where is the prince's house?
 And where the tent, the habitations, of wicked men?"

CHAPTER XXI. 29—XXII. 6.

Have ye never asked men of travel?

—And what they point out, mistake not—

"That a wicked man is reserved for a day of calamity,
To a day when wrath is brought on others:

Who tells him to his face, of his ways?
And who requites him, when he has done amiss?—

And he is borne to the tombs with pomp, And watch will be kept over the pile;

The clods of the valley are sweet to him, And he draws every man after him, As they are numberless who preceded him."

But how can ye comfort me with that which is vain?

And as for your answers there remains only faithlessness.

Then answered Eliphaz the Temanite, and said:

Can a man profit El?
Surely even a wise man can profit himself alone!

If thou art righteous, is it pleasure to Shaddai?

And a gain to Him that thou perfectest thy ways?

Does He dispute with thee out of reverence for thee— Enter with thee into judgment?

Is not thy wickedness great?
And thine iniquities without end—

For, without cause hast thou laid thy brethren under pledge,

And stripped the naked of their clothing;

CHAPTER XXII. 7—19.

Not a drink of water hast thou given to the weary, And hast withheld bread from the famishing;

And the strong of arm—the earth was his; And the lofty of countenance—he its inhabitant!

Widows didst thou send empty away, And the arms of orphans were broken:

Therefore are snares around thee; And fear, on a sudden, troubles thee;

Or a darkness, that thou canst not see, And a flood of waters covers thee.

¶ Is not Eloah in the height of heaven?

And behold the height of the stars, how lofty are they!

Yet thou sayest, "What does El know? Can He judge through darkness?

Clouds are a covering to Him that He cannot see, And He walks the vault of heaven."

Wilt thou keep that ancient way, Which men of sin have trodden;

Who were snatched away before their time— On whose foundation a flood was poured forth;

Who said to El, "Depart from us; And what can Shaddai do for us?"

Yet He filled their houses with good things— But far from me be the counsel of the wicked!

The righteous see it and rejoice, And an innocent person laughs at them, saying,

CHAPTER XXII. 20—XXIII. 2.

- "Is not our adversary destroyed?

 And a fire has devoured their substance?"
- ¶ Become acquainted now with Him and prosper; Therein shall good come to thee:

Take now a law from His mouth, And put His words in thy heart:

If thou returnest to Shaddai, thou shalt be built up, Shalt put iniquity far from thy tents;

And reckon thou precious ore as dust, And gold of Ophir as pebbles of the brooks;

Then Shaddai shall be thy precious ore, And treasures of silver to thee.

For then shalt thou delight thyself in Shaddai, And shalt lift up thy face to Eloah;

Thou shalt pray to Him, and He shall hear thee, And thy votive offerings thou shalt pay;

And thou shalt decide a matter, and it shall be stablished for thee,

And brightness shall gleam upon thy ways;

When men humble themselves thou shalt promise lifting up,

And He shall succour those of downcast eyes;

Him who is not guilty shall He deliver,— By pureness of thy hands shall be deliverance.

Then answered Job and said:

Yet still is my complaint bitter, Heavier than my groaning is my stroke!

CHAPTER XXIII. 3—13.

Oh that I knew where I might find Him! That I might come to His abiding-place!

I would set out my suit before Him, And fill my mouth with pleadings;

I should learn the words with which He would answer me,

And understand what He would say to me.

Would He contend with me in the greatness of His strength?

No, He would even give heed to me;

There might the upright dispute with Him, And I should be wholly delivered from my judge.

Lo, I go forward, but He is not there, And backward, but I perceive Him not!

On the left hand where He is working, but I cannot see Him,

Where He veils Himself on the right, but I behold Him not!

Surely He knows the way I take; When He has tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

My foot hath held to His tracks; His way have I kept, nor turned aside—

The behest of His lips,—and have not gone back;
More than my own resolves, have I laid up the words
of His mouth.

But He is of one purpose and who can turn Him? And what His soul desires He will also effect;

CHAPTER XXIII. 14—XXIV. 8.

For that which is decreed for me will He accomplish, And many such things are ordained by Him;

Therefore in His presence am I troubled,—When I consider, I am afraid of Him;

For it is El who has made my heart faint, And it is Shaddai who has troubled me,

Because I was not cut off before such darkness, And because He has not hidden such gloom from my sight.

¶ Why are not times of wrath unknown to Shaddai?
And why do they who know Him, not see His days?

Some remove landmarks; Seize upon a flock, and pasture it;

They drive away the ass of the fatherless, The widow's ox they take in pledge;

They turn aside the needy from the way, The poor of the land hide themselves together.

Wild-asses in the desert, lo they go forth to their work,

Seeking diligently for prey;—
The wilderness yields to each their children's bread!

They reap each in a field that is not his own, And gather a wicked man's vintage;

Naked they pass the night, unclad, And without a covering in the cold;

They are wet with mountain showers, And for lack of shelter embrace the rock.

CHAPTER XXIV. 9—19

¶ Some snatch the fatherless from the breast, And take pledges of the poor,

Who go naked without clothing, And though hungry must bear sheaves;

They press out oil within their walls, They tread wine vats, and are athirst;

From out the city men are groaning, And the soul of the wounded cries aloud— Yet Eloah imputes not folly.

¶ They are of those who rebel against the light, Its ways they know not, And abide not in its paths.

At dawn a murderer rises,— He slays the poor and needy, And at night he is as a thief;

The eye also of the adulterer watches for twilight, Saying, "No eye shall see me;" and veils his face;

He breaks through houses in the darkness;—
By day they seal themselves up and shun the light;

For to all of them is morning like death-shade! For with terrors of death-shade is each familiar!

Swift is he, as if on face of waters, Their portion is cursed in the land, He turns not to the way of vineyards;

As drought and heat make spoil of snow-waters, So Sheol, those who have sinned;

CHAPTER XXIV. 20—XXV. 5.

The womb forgets him,
The worm feeds sweetly on him;

He shall no more be remembered, And wickedness is broken like a tree.

He evil entreated te barren who bare not, And did not good to the widow;

And he took away the mighty by his power,— He uprose, and no man was sure of life.

God gave him security, and he leaned on it;— But His eyes are on their way!

Awhile they are exalted, then are not, and are brought low,

Are gathered like all beside, And are cut off like topmost ears.

But, if it be not so, who will prove me untrue, And make my words nought?

Then answered Bildad the Shuhite and said:

Rule and terribleness are with Him, Author of peace in His lofty places!

Is there any number to His hosts?
And on whom uprises not His light?

And how shall frail-man be just with El? And how the woman-born be pure?

Behold even to the moon, and it shines not, And the stars are not pure in His eyes!

CHAPTER XXV. 6—XXVI. 12.

How much less frail-man, a creeping thing, And the son of man, a worm!

Then answered Job and said:

Wherein hast thou helped the powerless? Brought help to the feeble arm?

Wherein hast thou counselled the unwise, And abundantly imparted aid?

To Whom hast thou addressed discourses? And whose spirit has come forth from thee?

¶ The shades tremble—

The water beneath and their inmates—

Sheol is bare before Him, And there is no covering to Abaddon!

He stretches out the North over the void, He hangs the earth on nought:—

He binds up waters over His clouds, And the cloud is not burst under them:—

He shuts up the face of His throne, He spreads over it His cloud!

He has graven a circle upon the surface of the waters, Where light ends in darkness:—

Heaven's pillars tremble, And are amazed at His rebuke:—

By His power He hushes the sea, And by His skill He smites its pride:—

CHAPTER XXVI. 13—XXVII. 9.

By His spirit He has garnished the Heavens, His hand has formed the fleet Serpent:

Lo, these are parts of His ways! And how slight a whisper has been heard of Him! But the thunder of His power who can understand?

Then Job again took up his parable and said:

As El lives, who has deprived me of my fair judgment; And Shaddai, who has embittered my soul,

All the while my breath is in me, And Eloah's spirit in my nostrils,

My lips shall not speak iniquity, And my tongue shall not utter deceit.

Far be it from me to pronounce you right;
Till I breathe my last, I will not part with my integrity;

I hold fast my righteousness, and will not let it go; My conscience reproaches not one of my days.

May my foe be as the wicked, And he that rises up against me as the impious!

For what is the hope of the hypocrite, though he get him gain,

When Eloah shall demand his soul?

Will El hear his cry, When distress comes upon him?

CHAPTER XXVII. 10-22.

Can he delight himself in Shaddai,—Invoke Eloah at all times?

I will teach you of the hand of El, I will not conceal how Shaddai deals.

Lo, all of you have seen it; And why breathe ye out such empty words?

This is the portion of a wicked man with El, And the lot, which oppressors receive from Shaddai.

If his children be multiplied, it is for the sword, And his offspring have not their fill of bread;

His survivors are buried at death, But their widows bewail them not:

Though he heap up silver like dust, And provide clothing as the clay,

He may provide it, but the righteous shall put it on, And the innocent shall divide the silver.

He builds his house as a moth, And like a booth which a vineyard-keeper makes:

He lies down rich, and nothing is taken away: He opens his eyes, and all is gone!

Terrors invade him like a flood, A whirlwind carries him off by night;

An east-wind catches him up and he is gone, And in a storm, sweeps him from his place;

God shoots at him, and spares not, Though he strive to escape His hand:

CHAPTER XXVII. 23—XXVIII. 11.

Men clap their hands at him, And hiss him from his place.

¶ Surely there is a mine for silver;
And a place for the gold they fine;

Iron is taken from the earth, And stone is molten into copper;

The miner makes an end of darkness,
And its every limit he searches out,—
The stone of darkness and death-shadow.

He sinks a shaft away from men; Of him who walks above are they forgotten— They swing suspended afar from men:

Earth, the source of food,
And whose entrails are upturned as if by fire—

Its rocks are the sapphire's bed, And yield to him lumps of gold:—

A path, the bird of prey knows not, Nor has eye of vulture scanned it;

No proudly stalking beast has trodden it, Nor lion passed by upon it.

He puts forth his hand upon the flint-rock, Overturns mountains from their root;

He lays open rivers in the rocks, And his eye beholds every precious-thing;

He binds up rivers so that they drip not, And brings forth hidden things to light.

CHAPTER XXVIII. 12—24.

But Wisdom—where can she be found? And where the place of understanding?

Frail-man knows not her worth,
For in the land of the living she is not found:

The deep saith—"She is not in me!" And the sea saith—"Not with me!"

Choice-gold cannot be given in her stead, Nor silver weighed as her price:

She cannot be weighed with gold of Ophir, With costly onyx and sapphire:

Bright-gold and crystal cannot compare with her, Nor for vessel of purest-gold is her exchange:

Precious-stones and diamond shall not be mentioned, And the possession of Wisdom is beyond pearls:

Topaz of Cush cannot compare with her—With pure gold she shall not be weighed.

Wisdom then—whence shall she come? And where the place of understanding?

For she is hidden from the eyes of all living, And is concealed from the fowls of heaven;

Abaddon and Death say, "Only a rumour of her hath reached our ears."

Elohim understands the way to her, And He is acquainted with her place:

For He can look to the ends of the earth, Can behold under all the heavens,

CHAPTER XXVIII. 25—XXIX. 9.

So as to assign its weight to the wind, He adjusts the waters also by measure—

When He made a law for the rain And a way for the flash, with its voices.

Then He beheld and announced her, He stablished and searched her out—

And said to man, "Lo, Fear of Adonai, that is wisdom, And to turn from evil, understanding."

Then Job again took up his parable, and said:

Would that I were as in months of old, As in days wherein Eloah kept me;

When He caused His lamp to shine upon my head, And I walked in darkness by its light;

As I was in the days of my ripeness, When Eloah held familiar converse at my tent;

When Shaddai was yet with me, My children around me;

When I bathed my steps in milk, And the rock poured rivers of oil for me!

When I went to the gate through the city, And set up my seat in its broad-way;

Youths saw me and hid themselves, And old men rose,—stood up!

Princes refrained in speaking, And laid hand upon their mouth!

CHAPTER XXIX. 10-22.

As for the voice of nobles—they hid themselves, And their tongue cleaved to their palate!

For the ear heard of me, and pronounced me blessed, And the eye that saw me, and bare me witness,

Because I delivered the distressed who cried, And the fatherless and him who had no helper;

The blessing of the perishing came upon me, And I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

I clad myself in righteousness, and it clothed me, Like robe and turban was my rectitude;

Eyes was I to the blind, And feet was I to the lame;

A father was I to the poor, And I searched out the cause of him I knew not;

And I brake the jaw-teeth of the wicked, And from his teeth did I pluck the prey.

And I said, "I shall die with my nest, And shall multiply days, like the Phœnix;

- "My root is open to the waters, And the dew lies all night on my branch;
- "My glory will be fresh with me,
 And my bow in my hand renew its strength."

Men heard me and waited, Were silent at my counsel;

After my words, they said no more, And my speech distilled upon them;

CHAPTER XXIX. 23—XXX. 8.

And they waited for me as for rain, And opened their mouth as for latter showers.

If I laughed towards them, they believed it not,
And they caused not the light of my countenance to be
downcast;

I chose out their ways and sat as head, And dwelt like a king among a host, Like one who comforts mourners.

¶ But now do they deride me Who fall short of myself in days;

Whose sires I did not deign To place with the dogs of my flock!

Yea, of what avail to me the strength of their hands, In whom vigour has perished?

Who, lean through want and famine, gnaw in the desert,

The land of gloom, of waste, and desolation;

Who pluck salt-wort at the bush,—And root of the broom, as their food!

They are driven forth from the midst, Men shout at them as after a thief;—

To dwell in dreadful valleys, In caverns of the earth and rocks;

They utter cries among thickets, Are huddled together under nettles;

Sons of the fool, yea, sons of the nameless, They were frightened out of the land!

CHAPTER XXX. 9-18.

But now have I become their song, And am a by-word to them;

They loathe me—keep afar from me, Nor withhold spittle from my face!

For they let loose the rein and insult me, And take, in my presence, unbridled licence;

On the right uprises a brood of them—they trip my feet;—

And they raise up against me their destructive ways;

They break up my path,
They help on my hurt,
Though none would aid them;

They come on as by a wide breach, They roll themselves along beneath the ruins!

Terrors assail me—
They chase my prosperity like a storm blast,
And my welfare passes like a cloud.

¶ And now my soul outpours itself over me, Days of misery take hold upon me;

By night my bones are destroyed from upon me, And my gnawing pains rest not;

Through their great strength the garment of my skin is altered,

It girds me like the collar of my tunic;

CHAPTER XXX. 19—31.

On the mire has He cast me down, And I am become like dust and ashes!

I cry to Thee, but Thou answerest me not, I take my stand before Thee, and thou scannest me;

Thou art changed into a cruel one to me, With the might of Thy hand Thou attackest me;

Thou liftest me up to the blast—makest me ride upon it, And causest my substance to melt away;

For I know that to death Thou wilt return me, Even to the house of assembly for all living;

Yes, prayer is nought when He puts forth His hand, When in His destruction they cry aloud.

¶ Have I not wept with him whose day is hard? Has not my soul been grieved for the needy?

Yea, I waited for good, but evil came, And I expected light, but there came darkness;

My bowels boil and are unquiet,
Days of misery are come in haste upon me;

Mourning, with no sun, I walk along; I stand up—I cry aloud in the assembly;

I am become a brother of jackals, And a companion to the daughters of the ostrich;

My skin is black and falls away, And my bones are burnt up with heat;

And my harp is changed to mourning, And my pipe, to the voice of them that weep!

CHAPTER XXXI. 1—13.

¶ I made a covenant with mine eyes, How then could I think upon a maiden?

For what portion should I have from Eloah above, And what heritage from Shaddai from on high!

Is not calamity for the wicked, And a strange fate for doers of evil?

Does He not behold my ways, And number all my steps?

¶ If I have walked with vanity, Or my foot has hasted to deceit,

Then let Him weigh me in just balances And let Eloah know my integrity!

If my step has turned from the path, And my heart gone after mine eyes, And a stain cleaved to my hands;

Let me sow, and another eat, And let my produce be rooted up!

¶ If my heart has been enticed to a woman, And I have lain in wait at my neighbour's door,

Then let my wife grind for another, And let others enjoy her embraces!

For this is a wickedness,
And this a crime for judges;—

For this is a fire which eats down to Abaddon, And would root up all my increase.

¶ If I have slighted my servant's cause, Or my handmaid, when they strove with me;

CHAPTER XXXI. 14-25.

What then could I do, should El arise? What answer make Him, should He visit?

Did not He that made me in the belly, make him? Did not One fashion us in the womb?—

¶ If I have withheld the poor from their desire,
And caused the eyes of the widow to pine away;

And eaten my morsel alone, So that the fatherless are not thereof;

Whereas from my youth, he honoured me as a father, And her have I guided, from my mother's womb;—

¶ If I have seen perishing for lack of clothing, And without a covering, the needy;

If his loins have not blessed me,
And if he drew not warmth from the fleece of my
lambs;

If I have shaken my hand at the fatherless, When I saw my help from favouring judges in the gate;

May my shoulder fall from the blade-bone, And my arm be broken from the bone!

For calamity from El was my dread, I was powerless for evil by reason of His majesty.

¶ If I have made gold my hope, And said to fine gold—"my confidence"—

If I have exulted that my wealth was great, And that my hand has gotten much;

CHAPTER XXXI. 26-36.

If when I beheld the luminary as he shined, And the moon walking in splendour,

My heart was secretly beguiled, And my mouth has kissed my hand;

This too were an offence for the judge For I should have denied El above:—

¶ If I have rejoiced in the misfortune of him that hated me,

Or exulted when evil found him out;

For I did not permit my mouth to sin So as to ask a curse upon his soul:—

¶ If the men of my tent have not exclaimed "Who can shew any one not satisfied from his viands?"

The stranger lodged not in the street;—
I opened my doors to the wayfarer:—

¶ If like other men I have concealed my faults, Hiding my wickedness in my breast;

Because I dreaded a great assemblage, And the scorn of the tribes frightened me, So that I kept still, and went not forth

Oh, that there were a judge to hear me!—
(Behold my signature—let Shaddai answer me!)
And an indictment which he who contends with me would write;

Would I not carry it on my shoulder, Bind it upon me *like* chaplets?

CHAPTER XXXI. 37—XXXII. 6.

Of the number of my steps would I inform Him, I would approach Him like a prince:—

¶ If my land has cried out against me,
And its furrows all have wept;
If I have eaten its strength without payment,
And caused its owners to breathe out their soul,
Instead of wheat, come up the thorn,
And instead of barley, the noisome weed!

The words of Job are ended.

So these three men ceased to answer Job, because he was righteous in his own eyes. Then was kindled the anger of Elihu, the son of Barakel the Buzite, of the tribe of Ram; against Job was his anger kindled, because he justified himself rather than Elohim. And at his three friends was his anger kindled, because they had found no reply, and yet condemned Job. For Elihu had waited till Job had spoken, because the others were older than he; but when Elihu saw that there was no reply in the mouth of the three men, then was his anger kindled.

And Elihu the son of Barakel the Buzite answered and said:

I am young in days, and ye are aged, Therefore was I timid, and feared to shew you my opinion:

CHAPTER XXXII. 7—18.

I said, "Days should speak, And multitudes of years should teach wisdom."

Truly there is a spirit in frail-man,
But the breath of Shaddai gives them under-

standing;

It is not the old only who are wise, And elders, who understand what is right;

Therefore say I, hearken to me, I too will utter my opinion.

Behold I have awaited your sayings, I gave ear to your reasons,

As ye searched out what to say, And I attended to you.

Yet, lo, none has refuted Job, Answered his words among you:—

Lest ye should say, "we have found out wisdom, El, not man, vanquishes him:"

For not against me did he array his words, Nor will I reply to him with your discoursings.

¶ They were broken down; they answered no more; Words were taken from them;

And I waited, because they spake not, But stood still, nor answered again.

On my own part I too will reply, I too will utter my opinion;

For I am full of words,
A spirit in my inmost part constrains me;

CHAPTER XXXII. 19—XXXIII. 9.

My inmost part, like unopened wine, Like new wine-skins, is bursting;

I will speak that I may find breathing-room, I will open my lips and reply;

I will not now regard any one's person, Nor offer flattery to any man;

For I know not how to offer flattery; Speedily then would my Maker take me off!

¶ But hear now, O Job, my discourse,
And give ear to all my words;
Behold now I open my mouth,
My tongue within my palate speaks;

My words shall express my heart's uprightness, And my lips shall utter knowledge purely.

The spirit of El works upon me, And the breath of Shaddai quickens me;

If thou canst, return me an answer, Set words in order before me—stand forth!—

Behold I am, as thou, of El, I too am moulded of clay!

Behold, fear of me shall not alarm thee, Nor my dignity weigh heavy on thee!

But in mine ears hast thou spoken, And I heard a sound of such words as these;

"Pure am I, free from sin; Clean am I, and no iniquity is in me;

CHAPTER XXXIII. 10-22.

- "Behold, He finds out a quarrel with me, He reckons me for His foe;
- "In the stocks He sets my feet, He watches all my ways."

Behold, in this (I will answer thee), thou art not right, For Eloah is greater than frail-man.

Wherefore didst thou strive with Him?
For of none of His dealings will He give account.

¶ For El speaks once, And twice, if man regard it not;

In dream—in vision of the night, When deep sleep falls on men, In slumbers on the couch:

Then opens He the ear of men, And sets a seal on their instruction;

To withdraw man from an evil deed, And hide away pride from man;

That He may hold back his soul from the pit, And his life from perishing by the dart.

¶ He is chastened also by pain upon his couch, And the struggle in his limbs is constant;

And his spirit loathes food, And his soul, dainty viands;

His flesh wastes out of sight, And his bones which were unseen, are bared,

And his soul draws nigh to the pit, And his life to the angels of death.

CHAPTER XXXIII. 23—33.

Yet if there be for him an interceding angel, Chief among a thousand, To make known to that man his uprightness,

Then does He pity him and say,

"Deliver him from going down into the pit:
I have obtained satisfaction."

Fresher than childhood's becomes his flesh, He returns to the days of his youth;

He prays to Eloah, and He accepts him, With cries of joy he beholds His face, For He requites to man his righteousness;

He looks round upon men and says, "I had sinned and perverted right,
But am not requited as I deserve;

He has rescued my soul from perishing in the grave,

And my life beholds the light."

Behold, El does all these things, Twice, thrice, with men;

To bring back his soul from the pit, To lighten it with the light of the living.

Job, attend, hear me; Be silent, and I will speak.

If thou hast aught to say, answer me, Speak, for I desire thy justification;

If not, hear thou me, Be silent, and I will teach thee wisdom.

CHAPTER XXXIV. 1—12.

And Elihu took up his discourse and said:

Hear my words, ye sages, And give ear to me, ye men of knowledge;

For the ear tests words, As the palate tastes food!

Let us make proof for ourselves of justice, Let us learn among ourselves what is good.

For Job has said, "I am righteous, But of justice has El deprived me;

Though my cause be just, I pass for a liar,—Grievous my arrow, though I am without transgression."

Who is a man like Job? He drinks down scoffing like water!

And he has gone to consort with workers of evil, And walks with men of wickedness!

For he said, "A man profits not By his friendship with Elohim."

Hear me therefore, ye men of understanding; Far be from El the doing of a wrong, And injustice, from Shaddai;

For a man's work will He requite to him,

And according to the way of each will He cause him
to find;

Yea, of a truth, El cannot do wickedly, Nor can Shaddai wrest justice.

CHAPTER XXXIV. 13-23.

Who has given Him the earth in charge? Or who has established the whole world?

Were He to be intent on man And gather to Himself his spirit and his breath,

All flesh would expire together, And man return to dust.

But, hear this, if thou hast understanding, Give ear to the voice of my words:

Could then a hater of justice, rule?
And wilt thou condemn the Just, the Mighty—

—(May one say to a king, "Worthless man?" To princes, "Wicked?")—

Who accepts not person of nobles, Nor regards rich above poor, For they all are the work of His hands?

In a moment they die;

Even at midnight is a people troubled and passes away;

The mighty is taken off without hand of man!

For His eyes are on the ways of man, And He beholds all his steps;

There is no darkness or death-shade, Where doers of evil can hide themselves;

For He need not long observe man, That he should come into judgment with El.

CHAPTER XXXIV. 24-35.

He breaks mighty men without number in pieces, And sets up others in their stead;

Because He is acquainted with their deeds; And by night overthrows them, and they are crushed.

He claps his hands at them, as evil-doers, In a place where men behold;

For that they turned away from after Him, And would not consider any of His ways,

So as to bring unto Him the cry of the poor; For He hears the cry of the miserable.

When He gives quiet, who then can disturb? But who can behold Him if He hide His face (Whether from a nation or a single man),

Lest a wicked man reign, And lest a people be ensured?

Surely, to God it should be said,

"I have suffered—I will transgress no more;

Shew Thou me that which I cannot see: If I have done wrong I will not repeat it."

Will He recompense according to thy mind?

"Because thou rejectest? because thou choosest, and not I?" saith God.

But speak what thou knowest.

- ¶ Men of understanding will say to me, And a wise person who hears me,
- "Not with a knowledge does Job speak, And his words are not prudence.

CHAPTER XXXV. 10—XXXVI. 6.

Yet if none say, "Where is Eloah my maker, Giver of songs in the night;

Who teaches us beyond the beasts of the earth, And makes us wiser than the fowls of Heaven."— There cry they, (but Heaven answers not), On account of the arrogance of the wicked.

Surely, El will not hear vain outcries, And Shaddai will not regard them;

Although thou sayest thou shalt not see Him, Yet judgment is before Him! therefore wait for Him.

But now, because His anger does not visit, And He greatly ignores thy fault,

Job therefore opens his mouth in vain, He multiplies words without knowledge.

Then further spake Elihu:

Wait for me a little, and I will shew thee, That I have yet words for Eloah;

I will fetch my knowledge from afar, And will ascribe righteousness to my Maker;

For truly my words are not a falsehood, One sound in knowledge is with thee.

Lo, El is mighty, yet despises not any, Mighty in strength of wisdom;

He suffers not the wicked to flourish, But renders justice to the distressed;

CHAPTER XXXVI. 18-29.

Because there is wrath

Take heed lest He drive thee forth with His stroke;

Then a great ransom shall not deliver thee.

Will He value thy riches?
No, not gold, nor all the powers of strength!

Be not eager for the night, Wherein peoples are cut off upon the spot;

Be on thy guard: turn not to wickedness— For, this hast thou chosen rather than affliction.

¶ Lo, El is exalted in His prowess!
Who a teacher like Him?

Who has prescribed to Him His way? And who can say, "Thou hast wrought evil?"

Remember that thou extol His work, The object of men's regard,

On which all mankind gaze,

And mortals contemplate from afar.

Lo, El is high and beyond our ken, Neither can the number of His years be searched out!

When He draws up the drops of water, They pour down rain and form His vapour,

Which the clouds distil, And drop down on men plenteously.

Yea, who can understand the outspreading of the clouds?

The crashings of His pavilion?

CHAPTER XXXVII. 9-20.

From the South comes up the tempest, And from the North, the cold;

By the breath of El the ice is given, And the broad waters are confined;

Yea, He casts down the thick-cloud in rain, He drives on His lightning-cloud;

By His guidance it is turned hither and thither, That these may accomplish all His behests, On the face of the world of earth,

Whether for a scourge, or for His own land, Or for mercy, He cause it to come.

O Job, give ear to this, Stand still, and scan El's wondrous works!

Knowest thou why Eloah planned them, And made His clouds to gleam with light?

Knowest thou of the poisings of the clouds, The marvels of Him who is perfect in knowledge?

Thou whose garments become warm, When with the south-wind He stills the earth!

Canst thou, with Him, spread out the sky, Strong like a molten mirror?

Teach us what we can say unto Him . . . ! We cannot order our words for darkness.

Shall it be told Him that I speak?

But if a man speak he might indeed be destroyed;

CHAPTER XXXVIII. 9-20.

When I made cloud its garment And deep darkness its swaddling-band;

When I measured for it My appointed bound, And set a bar and doors;

And said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and not beyond, And here let the pride of thy waves be stayed?"

¶ Hast thou, in all thy days, given orders to the morn? Hast thou caused the day-spring to know its place,

That it should lay hold upon the skirts of the earth, And the wicked be shaken out of her?

It transforms itself like clay under a seal, And they take their place like a raiment;

But from the wicked is their light withholden, Broken, the uplifted arm.

- ¶ Hast thou gone to the fountains of the sea, And walked the recesses of the deep?
- ¶ Have the gates of death been laid open to thee?

 And hast thou seen the portals of the death-shadow?
- ¶ Art thou acquainted with the breadth of earth? Tell, if thou knowest it all.
- ¶ Where the path to the abode of light?
 And darkness—where its place

That thou take it to its boundary, And understand the ways to its abode?

CHAPTER XXXVIII. 33—XXXIX. 3.

Knowest thou the laws of Heaven? Canst thou settle its influence on the earth?

- ¶ Canst thou raise thy voice to the clouds, So that abundance of water shall cover thee? Canst thou send forth lightnings, so that they go, And say to thee, "Behold us?"
- ¶ Who has put wisdom in the reins,
 Or who has given intelligence to the mind?
 Who by wisdom can count the clouds,
 And who can empty the bottles of Heaven,
 When dust runs into a molten mass,
 And clods cleave fast together?
- Wilt thou hunt prey for the lion, Or satisfy the craving of his whelps,

As they crouch in *their* dens, And sit in covert, in ambush?

- ¶ Who provides its food for the raven, When his young ones cry to El, And wander, for lack of food?
- ¶ Knowest thou the time when rock-goats bear? Watchest thou the travailing of roes?

Countest thou the moons which they fulfil?

And knowest thou the time when they bring forth?

When they bow down, give birth to their young,

—Cast out their throes?

CHAPTER XXXIX. 17-28.

For Eloah has caused her to forget wisdom, Nor has He imparted to her of understanding;

When she lashes herself up on high, She laughs at the horse and his rider.

¶ Dost thou give strength to the horse?

Thou clothe his neck with waving mane?

Dost thou make him bound like a locust? His majestic snort is terrible!

He paws in the valley, and rejoices in his strength; He goes forth to confront the weapons;

He laughs at fear, and is not dismayed, And recoils not from the sword:

The arrows rattle upon him,
The flaming spear-head and the lance;—

With rush and vehemence he drinks the ground,
And can scarce believe that it is the voice of the
trumpet;

As oft as it is sounded, he saith, "Aha!" And scents the battle from afar,
The thunder of the chieftains and the shouting.

¶ Does the hawk soar by thy wisdom—Spread forth his wings southward?

Is it at thy command that the eagle mounts aloft, And that he places his eyrie on high?

On the rock he dwells and bides at night, On the jagged rock and fortalice,

CHAPTER XL. 11—23.

Pour forth the overflowings of thy wrath, And look on every proud one, and bring him low;

Look on every proud one, bow him down, And crush the wicked in their place;

Hide them altogether in the dust, Bind fast their faces in secret,

And even I will own to thee, That thine own right hand can help thee!

¶ Behold now Behemoth, which I have made with thee; He feeds on grass like an ox;

Behold now his prowess in his loins, And his strength in the muscles of his flanks!

He waves his tail like a cedar, The sinews of his groin interlace;

His bones are strong-rods of bronze, His limbs, bars of iron;

Chief is he of the ways of El, He that made him furnished the tusks like a sword;

For the mountains yield him pasture, Where all the beasts of the field disport themselves;

He lies under lotus bushes, In covert of reed and in the mire;

The lotus-bushes cover him with their shadow, The willows of the brook cover him;

Lo, he flies not though a river be tyrannous, He is fearless, though Jordan rush up to his mouth!

CHAPTER XLI. 12—24.

Of his limbs I will not be silent,

And of the manner of his mighty deeds, and grace of
his armature!

Who has laid open the surface of his attire? Who will enter into the double row of his teeth?

Who can open the doors of his face? Round about his teeth is terror.

The strong shields of scales are his ornament, Shut up together like a close seal;

Each is near to each, So that not a breath can come between them

Each to its fellow is made to cleave, They cohere and cannot be sundered:

His sneezings cause a light to shine, And his eyes are like the eyelashes of morn;

From his mouth issue torches, Sparks of fire escape;

From his nostrils smoke comes forth, As of boiling pot or cauldron;

His breath kindles coals, And a flame comes out of his mouth;

In his neck resides prowess, And before him dances terror;

The laps of his flesh cleave together, Hard, immovable, upon him;

His heart is hard like a stone, Aye, hard like a nether millstone:

CHAPTER XLII. 3-11.

Who is he that through lack of knowledge hides Thy counsel?

Yes! I have spoken, but understood not, Of things too wondrous for me, which I knew not.

Hear now, and I will speak, I will ask of Thee, and do Thou inform me:

I had heard of Thee by hearing of ear, But now mine eye hath seen Thee;

I therefore retract and repent, Seated upon dust and ashes.

And it came to pass, after Jahveh had spoken these words to Job, that Jahveh said to Eliphaz the Temanite, "My anger is kindled against thee and against thy two friends, because ye have not spoken aright concerning Me, like my servant Job. Therefore, now, take to you seven bullocks and seven rams, and go to my servant Job, and offer them up as an offering on your behalf; and Job my servant will intercede for you; for unto him will I surely have respect, so as not to inflict on you the punishment of your folly, for ye have not spoken aright concerning Me, like my servant Job."

Therefore Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Tsophar the Naamathite, went and did as Jahveh bade them. And Jahveh had respect unto Job; and Jahveh turned the captivity of Job, after he had interceded for his friends: and Jahveh increased all that Job had twofold.

Then came to him all his brethren, and all his sisters,